

MiPO *esias*



Please describe your favorite poem or kind of poetry.

My favorite poems move quickly, are itinerant yet probably contain some sort of rhetorical declarative at some point.



If you could spend a day with a living poet you admire, what would you do together? What might a passerby overhear?

Hopefully we would watch college basketball and gossip about influences.

Marty Hebrank

Which relationship is more important: a) poetry and politics or b) poetry and philosophy? Why?

The “b” pairing does feel less obligatory. I’ve wanted to privilege poetry as an alternative; of course there’s a direct line from life (with its philosophical and political concerns) to writing, but it might not be the line one would think.

While I do like much poetry that engages directly with philosophy or politics, it’s also true that I like this engagement to be somewhat erratic (at the very least, enthusiastic, à la John Brooks Wheelwright).

I’m less interested in reading a contemporary collection that appears to have effectively “solved” the problem of politics and poetry, history and poetry, philosophy and poetry, etc.

Firebowl

Then I see again what
the firebowl was; its edge
makes it look like it’s unrolling
(slightly rubbery, though
charcoal and fenced)
fireworks and flash-lit rows
of greens and distant darkroom, distant-
seeming house, deer varmint. It’s a
comfort, though. One can always
drink a jam-jar of quiet.
And the fireworks are sudden.
And the question,
sudden, —Whatever
should we do, be,
are.

Where will we see you and your work in five years?

Embarked on a real career and working on my poetry, writing plenty of occasional poems and continuing to try different things.

If you were able to place poetry in the world where it does not seem prominent, how would it behave there?

Excitedly.

Sense in the Piedmont

The day after Ernesto, a snuffling sound
at the end of the embankment
drew me beneath a downed tree:
I went on.

Over mashed leaf-tips I went on; in the thickest of
longstanding water. The trees grew
down, not up.
They had skirts of mud, leaf or shadow
at base.

The sky down
from purple, I went on.
It was sometimes hard to obtain
enough distractions; this was no Fran.
There weren't any name cards
at the trail's head. My guitars would be so rough
they were sunny through water, a gargling
which is their production value,
a style of button-pushing in the back of the booth.

There wasn't any back seat to this.
There was a power station with a top of white tubing
like rolled paper for receipts.

With beautiful handwriting,
I went on.

Wallpapers

Two men from up the street separately
came down the road in the rain with
gold keys and instructions.
Bearded, both. Not
easy with me, but sincere.

On Thanksgiving I went
up the gravel in a blue coat
with deep pockets to each
of their houses.

The Marvin household had shiny
female buns on a postcard. The cat
had white legs and allowed me to pet him.
I left the mail on the crowded table.
Kate was off somewhere; I heard
her mischief
through the barking of neighborhood dogs.

The Covingtons'
newer house (there had been
a fire), where the litterbox
stays under the piano. The concert
flute resides in the next room.
I did not snoop around in
their upstairs. Maybe they feel lucky
to have woods behind their house;

continued, next panel...

some of the woods
belonging to their relatives; later
music by Vaughan Williams and jobs with the
symphony; lists of names and
numbers on legal paper and
view of a birdfeeder.

I would like to face a music stand
while staring into another family's
nomenclature, wallpaper garish only
in a nightmare. It is
quiet. What I want maybe more
than pornography, and
what do I know,
maybe there's passion
on top of that.

And the hardened disks I scrape
from the litterbox. "Nature"
is Einstein's litterbox, says
Allen Marvin; I don't know the
name of the Covingtons'
cat.

Marty Hebrank



Marty Hebrank lives in
her hometown of Durham,
North Carolina. She will
begin studying library
and information science at
UNC-Chapel Hill this fall.

MiPO*esias* 

Amy King - editor in chief
April Carter Grant - producer

Didi Menendez - publisher
www.mipoesias.com